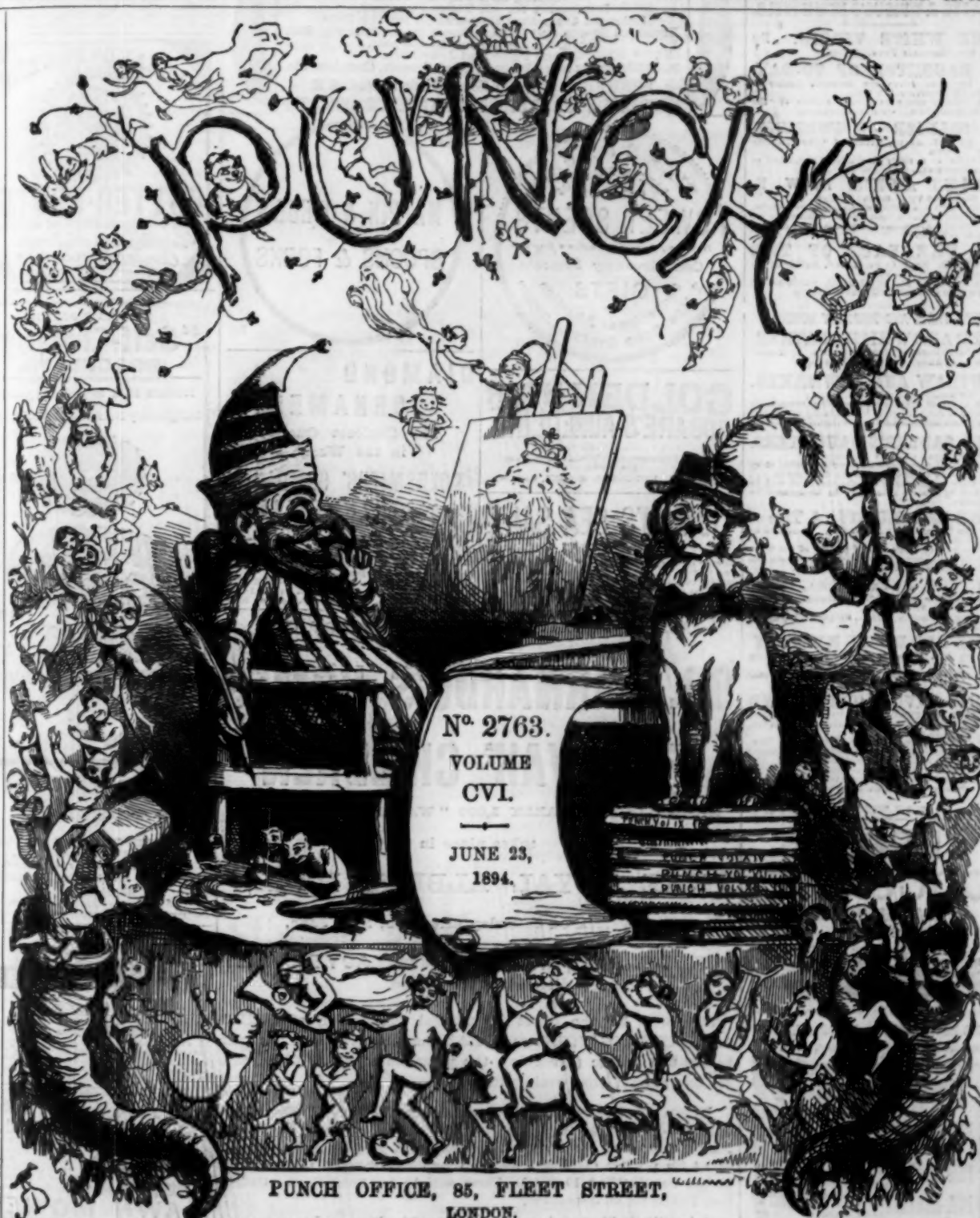


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NO. VII.—FROM MRS. TOM MAXWELL, CRANWELL PARK, SUFFOLK, TO CAPT. THE HON. IAN FARQUHAR, 151ST REGIMENT, ALDERSHOT.

DEAR JACK,

December 16, 189—.

No, I can't, wish I could. What a lark it would be! but I don't leave here till Wednesday. Tell you what, dine with me

at the "Plato" on Thursday, eight sharp, and we'll go on to the Palace after and see the Tableaux and the KNOODLEM SISTERS as performing monkeys. No end funny they tell me. As you and I are both members of the "Plato" we can each ask another guest. I'll have old ARGENTINO—not the Viscount, but his brother the Baron whom they call the Discount—he's as rich as they make 'em, and a great pal of mine; and I want you to meet him because he's asked Tom and I to his final shoot next month, and I know he wants another gun—see? Tom's going to meet that little CAREY-LAMB woman there, so he'll be all right. (The one that's known as Mrs. Don't CAREY D—! which she certainly don't. However, she amuses Tom, which is a blessed boon; he's asked her to join us at Monte in February, you'd better come too—you're taking second leave, ain't you?) I wish to goodness you were here, I'm bored to death, but TOM likes the shooting and the Chef. The BLAGDENS certainly do you uncommonly well. But there's hardly a soul I know, except FREDDY MANTON, who's no end amusing as usual; but one can't get up anything festive in a house full of girls. My dear, there's a red-haired Scotch girl here, never been out of Eastneuk before, I believe; she's all blushes and innocence and Scotch accent, Tom's quite gone on her, says she's a joy to his jaded palate, or some such bosh. Merely! I can remember being just the same, minus the Scotch accent!

The BERKELEYS who you know are here too; the girl isn't a bad sort, and I tell you what, JACK, you might do worse than marry her.

You've got to marry money, and she's got a pot of it; and she's rather a pal of mine and very nice, besides being very well turned out and smart looking. I think I could pull it off for you, but you've got to look sharp and make the running, or she'll be snapped up. I don't mind if you ask her as your guest on Thursday—there, never say I did nothing for you. If you've got to be married, and done for, I'd a deal rather you took LUCY BERKELEY than that dowdy, prim Lady BRIDGET, or the American widow. Do you know Mrs. MONTGOMERY? She came last night, all eyes and pallor and

sea-green draperies; she reclined on a couch, and read a "Pamphlet on Buddhism," which she offered to lend me; wouldn't talk to anybody because none of us were a "soul," which she is, till FREDDIE MANTON, who dabbles in everything, began about Spiritualism, "Visions behind the Veil," or some rot. You should have seen old Mrs. BLAGDEN stare.

The two MAYDEWS are here; the younger one, HAROLD, who you knew at Sandhurst, ain't half bad, but VICTOR's a regular prig; you should have seen how he snapped my nose off when I said something about Lady MADEL HUNTER last night! There was a big "country neighbour" dinner function here the other night, and they sat me between him and some old Archdeacon. I very nearly dislocated my jaw trying to stifle my yawns. And to think that I might have been at the WILLOUGHBYs! By the way, are you going to their "Divorce Supper" on the 3rd? He asks the women, and she asks the men; awfully good way of avoiding the dowdy wives and the prosy husbands; it's great fun; everyone the same sort; no prigs or bores. I'm going to give a dinner on the same lines while I'm in town; there's always a lot of people passing through, and they're far more ready to be festive than in the rush of the Season, don't you know. I say, mind you come to our fencing and boxing show next week; we look awfully fetching in our green and old gold I can tell you; and I'm really rather a dab at fencing now.

Well, ta-ta, old boy. Adress (I believe it ought to have two d's—never could spell) here till Tuesday. Ever yours, DOBBLES.



"She reclined on a couch, and read a 'Pamphlet on Buddhism.'"

THE SITUATION IN HALF-KALF.

(By One who Knows.)

MR. PUNCH, DEAR SIR,—My personal reminiscences of the late BULBUL VON HALF-KALF may interest you as throwing some light on the present European deadlock, and tending to preserve in some measure the *status in quid pro quo*. My qualification to speak lies in the fact that I belong to a famous firm of pyjama-brokers, and that my father before me, and my grandfather, need I say, before him, have for generations served the harem of the deceased potentate.

My first interview with him was by my own appointment. I found the monarch in the garden of his Shaftesbury Palace of Varieties seated in an oriental bath-chair, surmounted by a baldachin of matchless rubies. I remember noticing this at the time. We dispensed with an interpreter, his Majesty declaring that my old Dutch was familiar to him from the frequent visits of up-to-date British artistes bound for Half-Kalf. On this occasion, as always, he sat with his back to me, occasionally caressing my person with the flat of his foot. You are probably unaware that the Bulbul's-eye is certain death, and the touch of his hand a breach of etiquette.

I was not slow in discovering that the accepted estimate of the Lord of Half-Kalf was based upon gross ignorance. Thus, although his seraglio was constructed upon lines of almost Semitic extravagance, and could, at a pinch, hold 1500 odd, the Bulbul was by principle an austere monogamist; I might almost say, a celibate. Again, his extraordinary gifts of insomnia may be realised when I say that I have frequently left the presence-chamber at 2.30 a.m. to be hastily summoned at 2.45 to witness a review of mounted Riff-Raffs parading before the sleepless monarch.

If he had a carnal predilection it was for Tipay Sultana. I was passing one day by special licence through the Royal kitchens, when a superb clarion sounded the popular refrain of "*My lot takes the cake*." Instantly the whole staff disappeared into the ovens, and my own head was held down in a seething cauldron. On returning to consciousness, I learned that a dish of this sacred confection had passed through on its way to his Majesty's table.

Although he had not, to my knowledge, taken a degree at either of the two great English Universities, his delight in mechanical science, conjuring tricks, &c., was remarkable and discriminating. Not to mention a barrel-organ, studded with Koh-i-noors and constructed to play *Daisy* and the *Intermezzo*, a trifling gift which I presented to him as a souvenir of our friendship, I recall the interest he displayed in the three-card trick which I had the honour of exhibiting before his astonished Court. The Knave was so delineated as to represent the typical features of a Spaniard. The Bulbul's friendly attitude to our nation, and at the same time his happy vein of humour, may be illustrated by a facetious observation which he condescended to make at the time. "I prefer," he said in broken Hollandaise, "I prefer your English fool to your Spanish knave."

As for the succession to the throne of Half-Kalf, I flatter myself that I had always urged upon his Majesty the advisability of encouraging Socialistic sentiments among his subjects. Only as late as the 34th day of the month Damaram I received a vellum postcard from him asking for further information on the Cab Strike. But the time was not yet ripe for such reform. Still, whatever the issue of things, the new Government can count on my distinguished consideration. The same I also extend, dear Sir, to you; preferring however, to retain my incognito of

ONE WHO KNOWS THAT HE KNOWS.



THE RIVAL VETS.

First Vet. (Ch-pl-n), "He'd be all right if he took a dose of 'Bimetallism.'" Second Vet. (L-eth-r), "No! No! Give him my physio—'Protection.'" "Protection."

SCIENCE AT OXFORD.

I SENT my son to Oxford
To court the classic Muse,
To pick up knowledge of the world
And sound religious views.
Our family is ancient,
And Tory to the core;
I sent the boy to Christ Church,
Where I had been before.
And he went in for Science!
Diethylene - sulphide - methyl - sul-
phine-iodide:
 C_2H_4O . Oh, I felt so mortified!
I do not understand it,
This scientific craze;
It's a thing we never heard about
In my old college days.
We hunted and we cricketed,
As gentlemen should do;
We spent our mornings on the
"Cher."

Our nights at whist and loo.
But we never dreamt of going in for
Science.
Mechanical, terrigenous, infra-
littoral, abysmal;
Stalactites, stalagmites—Circe! this
is dismal.

He never cared for horses
Till my old hunter died,
And then I found my son and heir
Absorbed in its inside.
He doesn't care for hunting,
He classes hounds as "dogs";
But he shows a horrid tendency
For collecting cats and frogs.
And that, he says, is because he has
gone in for Science.

METSCHNIKOFF'S phagocytosis, amoeboid
protozoa,
Atlantosaurius immanis—Oh, how I pity
NOAH!

Last night when we were smoking
He talked above my head.
I thought I'd be paternal,
So I asked what he had read.
I quoted from my HORACE—
I have the volume yet—
But that confounded rascal
Said, "Sir, you quite forget
That we never have any time for books of that
sort after we've gone in for Science."
Confocal ellipsoids, hemispherical cavity,
Reciprocal radius vectors—this is sheer
depravity!

The Squire says his eldest
Is steady as can be;
He'll marry in the county, and
Die M.F.H., J.P.
Young TOM, SIR THOMAS tells me,
Shall go to Sandhurst straight;
And we all know young LORD HARRY
Has nought to do but wait.
But my son—well, he always was eccentric—
has gone in for Science.
Oxhemoglobin; Pre-dierotic wave.
He's bringing my grey hairs with sorrow to
the grave.

So, when my neighbours ask me
About my eldest son,
And what he's going to turn to
When his time at Oxford's done—
The English Bar and Parliament?
And make himself a name?—
I have to change the subject,
And I hang my head for shame,
Because how can I possibly tell them that one
of our family has taken honours in
Science?
That he calls a mushroom "saprophyte," and
my prize orchid "epiphyte."
I don't know what he's coming to! I wonder
if his head's quite right?



BEFORE THE CAB STRIKE.

"NEVER WALK WHEN YOU CAN RIDE.
MUCH TOO HEAVY—SIXTEEN STONE—
ALWAYS CAB IT. HANSOM!"



AFTER THE CAB STRIKE.

"NEVER TAKE A CAB AGAIN! WALK EVERYWHERE.
GOT DOWN TO TWELVE STONE. STRIKE DONE ME A
WORLD OF GOOD! WISH THEY'D GONE ON WITH IT."

LINES IN PLEASANT PLACES.

III.—THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

A RALLY of fairest women,
Proud lady and humble quean,
And men clad in brave apparel
Of velvet and silken sheen.

An Emperor, bright with purple
And other delights arrayed,
Conversed with a lovely lady—
Some called her a "painted" maid.

Her dress was a dream of splendour,
Black, rose-colour, brown and grey;
But her painting was done by Nature,
Whatever the gossips say.

There Burgundy's Duke was bending
Full low to the Queen of Spain—
In silver, and brown, and green robes
Her courtiers swelled her train.

And there stood a handsome Admiral,
As ever white ensign flew,
A little at sea whilst talking
To a common, or Girtton, "Blue."

Hard by sat a grey old skipper
In dingy and sober vest,
Spinning yarns with his Lulworth cousin,
A rare and an honoured guest.

There mixed in the throng proud beauties
In livery rich and rare
Of claret with creamy borders;
The fairest where all were fair.

Ah me! There were lovely dresses,
Pearl-bordered and silver-washed,
Not made, I'm convinced, by mortals—
A conviction that won't be quashed.

And here was a glint of copper,
And yellow of clouded gold,
And glory of endless colour,
Profusion of tints untold.

The brown of a maiden's ringlets,
The tortoiseshell of her comb,
The grey that in age her hair streaks,
The green of a woodland gnome.

The plumage of dainty peacocks,
Bright colours and homely dun,
And robes that were tipped with orange
Like hills by the setting sun.

"Beg pardon, it's closing time, Sir,"—
Rude shock to my dreaming Muse—
It seems she has been inspired by
The Butterflies' rainbow hues!

DARK EYES.

WHEN I saw you first the dart,
Which from Cupid's fingers flies,
Found a target in my heart,
Dear dark eyes.

Eyes to fire the hearts of men,
Be they foolish, be they wise.
I adore you now, as then,
Dear dark eyes.

Is that what I ought to do?
Though your mistress laughs or cries,
Sad or smiling, still are you
Dear dark eyes.

When I went you showed some pain;
Will you gleam with glad surprise
If you see me once again,
Dear dark eyes?

If you don't, and show delight
At some other fellow's sighs,
Shall I hang myself? Not quite,
Dear dark eyes!

From his love, though he may pine,
No poor poetaster dies;
I'll adore some other fine,
Dear dark eyes.

Lest the other fellow's fist,
As in prize-fight—you the prize—
Knock me down, though I resist,
Dear dark eyes.

Black my peepers with a blow,
Which the boxer's art supplies;
Mine would then be also—oh
Dear!—dark eyes.

THE HOUSE BEYOND THE SEAS.

Prophetic Report of the Initial Meeting of the Australian Federation.

THE thousand odd members of the Australian Confederation met in the specially-prepared chamber (which had cost £500,000 to erect), to carry on the Colonial business of Oceana.

There was some little difficulty in electing a Speaker, as no less than six sections of the Confederation claimed to be specially represented. After an hour's discussion (conducted through speaking-trumpets so that the speeches might be heard in the reporters' gallery), half-a-dozen gentlemen were chosen to fill the Presidential chair, which was replaced by a sofa for their accommodation.

The Half-a-Dozen (in chorus) then announced that the proceedings had commenced. They would be pleased to hear if there were any Bills *sur le tapis*.

The House was then addressed by two hundred delegates from Queensland. As they all spoke at once, it was a little difficult to understand the purport of their observations, but it was generally understood that the delegates were in favour of slavery, or, failing this, Coolie labour.

Four hundred representatives of Victoria and New South Wales took an opposite view, and expressed their determination of passing a Bill for establishing the eight hours day, the living wage, and the State-



A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

Tommy. "OH, I s'y! PARTRIDGES!"
Harry. "PARTRIDGES BE BLOWED! WHY, THERE AIN'T NO PARTRIDGES TILL SEPTEMBER, THERE AIN'T!"

assisted establishment of Trade Unionism.

Several Premiers of various colonies then proposed that the Budget should be considered before any other public business was allowed to occupy the attention of the House.

Conversation having now become general, eighteen Chancellors of the Exchequer who had come to an agreement announced on a huge screen, with the assistance of a gigantic magic lantern, the exact amount of the Revenue.

On inquiry, it was ascertained, amidst much laughter, that the sum named would exactly pay every delegate just a year's salary.

By universal consent it was agreed that a year's salary should be paid to all present.

There being no other business before the members, the House adjourned until the time should arrive for the discussion and distribution of another Budget.

The proceedings terminated with a salute of twenty-one guns, which it was explained on the screen was intended to pass as a hearty vote of thanks to those who had presided with so much tact, urbanity, and distinction at these exceedingly-interesting proceedings.

Mrs. R. was so sorry to hear that the little boy who fell off the ladder on to his head had got to be jannaped. On inquiring at the hospital, she was glad to learn that he was progressing favourably under the antiseptic treatment.

"COMMEM."

Sing hey for the season of floating and flirting
In leisurely punt and Canadian canoe,
Of wondrous displays of extravagant shirting,
Of exquisite gown and diminutive shoe;
Sing hey for the ancients who throng the
Sheldonian,
The bald-headed butts of the sparkling
Oxonian,
Who sees in "Enocnis" a chance of asserting
His claims to a place in the humourist crew!
Sing hey for the picnic on Cherwell and Isis,
The clandestine joys of the first cigarette,
The lunches that cost such preposterous prices
And mean but a fresh augmentation of
debt; [burning,
Sing hey for the start, with a sun that is
Sing hey for the speedy unhappy returning,
The swearing of rowers, most horrid of vices,
And the moaning of girls in the pitiless
wet!

Sing hey for the sweet chaperon who sup-
poses
"She isn't required to play hide-and-seek
With those troublesome girls," and con-
tentedly dozes

And heeds not the roseate tint of the cheek;
Sing hey for the gardens at one in the
morning, [dawning,
Sing hey for the tender farewells at the
The pressing of hands and the fading of
eyes.

And the breaking of hearts at the end of
the week!

"IZEYL."

WHAT extremely funny names these are!

Izejl,
Harastri, Foghi, Siddarathra,
They reveal
Oriental birth like Scyndia;
But we feel
Tukkututti takes the cake, ha, ha,
Izejl!

What's a "Tukkututti," qu'est-c' done ça
Izejl?

Tiens, c'est un drol' de nom, n'est-c' pas?
Sounds a deal
More like some wild comic opéra,

Vaudeville,
Than a drama mixed up with Bouddhâ,
Izejl.

You are far from comic—very far!—
Izejl;

In the clutches of the King's mamma,
How you squeal!
Mais "le Tukkututti," oh, la la!

C'est vrai qu'il
Est un nom charmant. Farewell! Ta-ta!
Izejl.

PROBABLE.—There is, we believe, a flourish-
ing mission to Mariners and Fishermen, which
sends out preachers to the buoys—who hardly
require it, they are such very good buoys as
a rule—and gives light to the light-ships as
a relief amidst their hard-ships. It is now
proposed by these excellent missionaries to visit
every part of the coast, and to convert all the
Mussel-men.

"EX PEDE HERCULEM."

[*"Telling characters by boots is being studied
by a thoughtful Frenchman."*—*The Graphic.*]

WHEN PHYLLIS, on hearing your phrases
At the critical point of romance
Looks down, as you think, at the daisies
With a modest and timorous glance,
Like HOLMES (the deceased and lamented)
She is counting your balance at Courts
And weighing your merit, contented
To judge from your boots!

And you, when you pay your addresses,
A similar plan should embrace,
Never look at her beautiful tresses
Never care for her exquisite face;
Stop short in your hasty profession
And, ere Mrs. STREPHON you choose,
Recollect to observe with discretion
The state of her shoes.

Of course, you will carefully study
The heels—are they lofty or flat?
Again, if the leather is muddy,
There's surely a meaning in that.
You only need glance at the state of
This part to determine the whole,
You'll reckon the probable fate of
A soul from a sole.

And so let us join in expressing

Our thanks for this excellent plan,
Such evident merit possessing

For lovers, both maiden and man;
And if you should hesitate whether

With PHYLLIS to journey through life,
Remember, "There's nothing like leather"
In choosing a wife!

OPERA NOTES.

Monday.—*Werther* by MASSENET. Thus inspired, the Opera Goer breaketh forth into rhythmic praise:—

EMMA FAMES is singing *Charlotte*,
Goody-goody, not a flirter,
And 'tis Brother JEAN DE RESZKE
Takes the part of warbling *Werther*.



ARNOLDSON sings *Sophie* sweetly;
First rate *Bailli CASTELMARY*;
ALBERS good as *Charlotte's* husband,
Thus completes a caste quite starry.
Boyish choristers sing "Noël!"
Listening to this choir of laddies
Doth recall old Herr VOX JOEL
When our youth was Green, at "Paddy's."

DRURIOLANUS back has ta'en us
To the days when we were porter
And the poem Thackerayan
Read we on the Woes of *Werther*.

Than the merry MANICELLI
Can conductor be alerter?
Chorus, band, arrangements scenic,
Perfect are for *Warbling Werther*!

Wednesday.—*Romeo et Juliette*. House crowded. This house quite equal to the two Houses of CAPULETS (Lords) and MONTAGUES (Commons). Royalty present, and evidently much pleased, as who could help being, with MELBA at her best, and the Brothers DE RESZKE in most excellent form. *Happy Thought*. Instead of basket of flowers, handed up at end of Act II., why not hand up basket full of something really useful, say vegetables? Considering the poor season it has been, a basket of the very best green asparagus, the smallest and sweetest peas, and the most minute and narrowest of broad beans, with some rare hothouse fruit, a few jars of real turtle, and a prime saddle of mutton, would be something worthy the acceptance of a *prima donna*! But as the Priest of Venus says in OFFENBACH'S *La Belle Hélène*, "*Trop de fleurs! Trop de fleurs!*" Far more acceptable than even the most gigantic bouquet, would be the substantial trophy—"a trophy" suggestive of everything the very opposite of anything like "atrophy"—which we have suggested. Touching, too, to see the *habitués* bringing such gifts in carriages and cabs, and the servants of the establishment jealously guarding them in their passage under the stage to the orchestra! A few fresh lobsters with prime green salad would add to the artistic effect, and make the baskets, so handed up, a sight for Gods in the gallery, a delight for "the Diva," and the envy of everybody everywhere. LUCILE HILL, as *Stephano*, looks pretty, singing prettily. Merry MANICELLI all there, and more.

Friday.—*Lohengrin*. MELBA as *Elsa*. Mr. WAGSTAFF observes, "She is bright and effervescent as *seltzer*." WAGSTAFF to be suppressed, as he will whisper these very soft nothings to me during acts, and people look round at him indignantly. Worst is, he chuckles audibly. EDWARD DE RESZKE noble as the *King*, that is if he be a king, though must own to never having discovered what sort of a dignity "l'Uccellatore" is meant to be. However, he appears to be six foot six by four, and take him as length and breadth he is every inch a king. Herr WALDMANN is *l'Araldo del Re*, a part which, as there is only one song in it, just suits one Herr. JOHN DE RESZKE tries to make himself look flaccid and effeminate as the Swan-Hopperatic Knight, but, thank goodness, does not succeed, singing and playing in a grandly masculine manner. ANCONA so dramatic as *Freddy Tetramondo* ("Who was *Ramondo*?" asks that chuckle-headed WAGSTAFF, "and what did who have to *Tell* him?" Down, WAGSTAFF, down!) as to make this part quite lively; while GIULIA RAYGOLI, marvellously made up as the intruding *Ortruda*, ("*Aught ruder* than she is—" Hush! Irrepressible WAGSTAFF; and he subsides with a Puck-like chuckle—a difficult combination of words, and liable to be uttered as "a chuck-like Puckle"), is undeniably powerful histrionically, even if her singing be not absolute perfect. "Chorus, if you please, ladies and gentlemen," excellent, as usual, and Signor MANICELLI Meritorious and Monarchical, but here and there apparently Morose and Miserable, turning with a frown and with energetic action, as if remonstrating with the left-hand portion of the orchestra for doing or not doing something or other, which fault, if fault it were on either side, escaped the notice of the learned musical Thebans in front of the House. Fine performance of Opera, but very wet performance ("a down-pour-formance," says WAGSTAFF, whom I will not take with me in my cab) outside.

Saturday.—*Verdi's Falstaff* "going strong." Sir DRURIOLANUS looks in from rehearsal of German Opera, has a conversation in German, Italian, French, Chinese, Russian, Spanish, and Siamese, with a few friends of various nationalities in the house; but, as GILBERT ("W. S." not "YVETTE") sang, "In spite of all temptations To belong to other nations, He remains an Englishman!" Bravo!

A JOVE-IAL EXTRAVAGANZA.



The Vice-Chancellor in Jupiter.

THE Cambridge May Week this year seriously marred by rain, but nothing could damp the spirits of visitors, who showed themselves to be not at sea by going to the A. D. C. there to see *Jupiter, LL.D.*, an original mythological musical extravaganza. The LEHMANN element supplied by the author, the music composed by Mr. TERTIUS NOBLE, the organist of Ely Cathedral. Most musical pieces nowadays a collection of excellent "turns." "One good turn deserves another" and the thing's done. *Jupiter, LL.D.*, not at all like that. The book a capital coherent story. A Cambridge Vice-Chancellor—the Vice men most detest—Dr. Rumbold (Mr. A. H. HALL) and an undergraduate *Arthur Henry Halifax*—so named that the heroine may call him "*Arthur*" in the first two acts and go to *Halifax* in the third, and played with great spirit and skill by Mr. C. E. MARTINEAU—go to Olympia to beg all the gods and goddesses to come to Cambridge to get their LL.D. They arrive there by—what they come to get—degrees, and on their way have some surprising adventures with the girls and principal of (Pretty) Maida Hall.

All roads, of course, lead to the Great Court of Trinity, which made a beautiful Third Act, with a procession of newly-made Doctors and Doctresses, which made one hopeful for the future of learning. The bedmakers, Mr. R. A. AUSTIN LEIGH and Mr. A. L. HARRISON, really immensely funny. Both have, it is rumoured, since received offers of important engagements from a leading College. Mr. LEHMANN'S songs went with the utmost dash. So much rhyme that there was no sign of a frost. Mr. NOBLE'S music as graceful and pretty as the A. D. C. ladies. *Hebe* (the Hon. F. W. G. EGBERTON), who had got her blue, and wore it, was charming in a leading part, whilst the two goddesses, *Juno* (Mr. T. BALFOUR) and *Venus* (Mr. F. G. D'HAUTEVILLE), looked divine. It's a way goddesses have. The whole affair a great domestic triumph for the A. D. C., a personal one for Mr. LEHMANN and Mr. NOBLE. These two gentlemen responsible for a good deal. For all men now swear—by *Jupiter, LL.D.* And one who swears as loudly as any may, perhaps, as coming from the sister University, not untruly assert he was OXFORD IN CAMBRIDGE.



First Bedmaker.

MOORE AND DOWN.—At the Grand Steeplechase de Paris, as we gather from the *St. James's Gazette's* Sporting Notes, "Mr. 'PONY' MOORE'S colours were sported for the first time, but the horse was unplaced." The colours of Mr. "PONY" MOORE, the celebrated Christy Minstrel, would of course be "black on white" as they say at pool. As the horse didn't win, there were no winners or losers, and no better will, in consequence, be able to consider himself as all the better off for having one "pony more" in his pocket. "The Minstrel Boy to the race has gone, And he's left his bones behind him," is what they ought henceforth to sing at St. James's Hall if the old established "Corner Man" is to become a regular "Tattenham-Corner Man," and to go in for the "Bettor Land." Winner first, Moore to follow.

"THE BANKRUPTCY OF BARON A. GRANT—A FARTHING IN THE POUND."—(*Pall Mall Gazette*, June 9, 1894.)—"A barren grant" indeed!



HOW TO DECLINE AN INVITATION.

"I MUST SAY SOMETHING MORE THAN THAT *WE CAN'T ACCEPT, PAPA!*"

"OH, WELL—SAY IT'S OUR LAST DAY, YOU KNOW, AND THAT WE WANT TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT!"

MODEL CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN A MODERN AMPHITRYON AND AN UP-TO-DATE DINER-OUT.

(After Marlow). Suggested by a late letter from a Diner-Out in the "Times" Newspaper.

The Modern Amphitryon to the Up-to-Date Diner-Out:—

COME dine with me on Monday week,
And we will all the pleasures seek
That a prime cook, and cellar good,
May yield to one in dining mood.

We shall sit down a jolly eight
(My "octagons" you've not tried of late).
I've asked JACK SPRATTE, and the DE
BOERES,

MUNDUNGUS and the MADREPORES.

No silver dishes for thy meat,
But—you'll find something good to eat!
And on the table there shall be
No cheap champagne, take that from me!

I know you love a first-rate smoke,
The oldest wine, the newest joke;
And if delights like these you seek,
Come dine with me next Monday week!

The Up-to-Date Diner-Out's Reply to the Modern Amphitryon.

If feeds were source, and I were young,
And truth on each Amphitryon's tongue,
Your pretty note might make me seek
To dine with you next Monday week.

But time runs on, I'm growing old,
And dullard guests, and dishes cold,
Make hospitality all a hum,
So I'm afraid I cannot come.

Pardon delay in my reply!
I always let a week slip by
Before response to such a letter,
Since any day may bring a better!

You saw the tip of "Diner-Out"
Who wrote unto the *Times*, no doubt?
Procrastination is time's thief,
But gives the diner-out relief.

No thanks, old man! And since you wrote
I've had the friendliest little note
From Lady MADGE,—a little sinner!—
And—well, you know *her* style of dinner!

There I shall meet no purse-porers,
Or mutton-witted MADREPORES;
So, as I love the smart and *chic*,
I dine with *her* on Monday week.

Of course, dear boy, had nothing better
Turned up since I received your letter,
Why *faute de mieux*, I yet might seek
To dine with you next Monday week.

A ROAD TO THE CODE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—So many codes have recently been published to simplify the sending of telegraphic messages, that it seems necessary to furnish one that may be used by all the world. Such a work is now in active preparation. I am the compiler. The following (which are not unlike entries in other codes) are a few examples of its contents:—

Code Word. Explanation.
POLITE. You cannot possibly dine with us this evening, as there will be thirteen at table if you come. Besides, we have not the right set to meet you. You are dull and uninteresting. We may as well be frank and open, and it would be gross flattery to say anything else.

ANGEL. The man in possession refused to go out, and has taken to smoking in the back drawing-room. He has got the key of the

bookcase, and is thumbing the original edition of *RUSKIN'S Seven Lamps of Architecture*, and the *Stones of Venice*.

CATSPAW. We arrive in Paris at 7.45, breakfast at the *table d'hôte* at the Grand at 11.30, and visit the Jardin des Plantes before leaving for Basle in the evening.

BEAUTY. Yes, your brother has come back from New Zealand. He managed to borrow half-a-sovereign from Uncle JACK, and has walked off with the watchman's supper. This last outrage has caused a terrible row, and may bring him before a magistrate.

FIREWORKS. We shall go to the Abbey in the morning, St. Paul's in the afternoon, and perhaps dine at the Albany Club in the evening. If we go to Kingston, we may return in Lord DASHOVER's four-in-hand.

BOTTLE. The children are going to school at Dr. BIRCH's. They are required to take six towels, a fork, spoon, and knife, and the customary outfit. French is an extra, but drilling is thrown in. The matron is a Mrs. BROWN, a widow, whose husband was killed in the Mutiny.

FREEDOM. Certainly buy for the rise, as Mexicans have declared a feeble dividend. British Railways and Foreigners still doubtful. Grey shirting dull, and nothing doing in the silver market.

There, Sir! I have picked out a word here and there, so that you may see the *modus operandi*. Yours very truly,

A PRACTICAL MAX.



SWAIN SC

IN HER TANTRUMS!





"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH, GIVING PLACE TO NEW."

ROTTEN ROW. 10 A.M. DISPERSION OF THE POTHATITES, STRAWHATITES AND CAPMEN, AND TRIUMPHANT ENTRY OF THE TOPHATITE, "IN QUITE CORRECT ATTIRE, BY PARTICULAR DESIRE."

THE GIRTON GIRL B.A.

UNDER the heading University Intelligence, the list of Wranglers Senior and Junior Optimes was given last Wednesday. Then the names of the men being ended, bachelors every one of them, and "confirmed bachelors" most of them, it may fairly be supposed, comes the list headed "Women," among whom there appeared, strange to say, only one *Wrangler*! But the lady was a Girtton Girl, and though all alone, yet it was stated in parenthesis that she was "equal to 28." Now, there were thirty-two Male Wranglers, and twenty-four of these being bracketed as equal may be deducted from the Male Wrangler total, leaving therefore, as a matter of correct calculation, and with the single Wranglers included, just fifteen Male Wranglers, i.e., fifteen men *versus* one woman "equal to 28." Such is the state of the odds. So the one woman, her honoured name is Miss E. H. COOKE, has the best of it after all, being equal not only to the fifteen Male Wranglers, but to another possible seventeen! Bravissima Miss E. H. COOKE. No difficulty in securing a first rate-place for so excellent a *chef*. Of course, so admirable a Cooke will at once receive the *cordon bleu*!



Girl Graduate: Single figure.

SWEETHEART.

I, REST in gloomy London street
All black, though June elsewhere blooms
gaily,
Dream much of thee, so softly sweet,
And growing yet more charming daily.

I dream of thee, remote from town,
In country garden bright with flowers,
Where falling blossoms flutter down
Upon thy head in scented showers.

I dream of thee where skies are blue;
I feel an eager hope of winning
Thy heart, so tender and so true,
A heart incapable of sinning.

I can but dream of all thy charm,
Until at last we are together;
I fear lest cold should do thee harm
In this uncertain, changeful weather.

I dream—perhaps it is not right,
And I am an abandoned sinner—
Of some not distant summer night
When thou wilt come to me to dinner.

I dream how we no more shall part,
I count the time—resembling *BABBAGE*—
Till I possess thy tender heart,
My own fresh-gathered summer cabbage.

"EXPULSION OF DANES FROM SCHLESWIG."
—The sufferers by this, we learn from the *Times*, included "the popular performers of Denmark's principle theatre." *Hamlet's* performers turned out! As *Polonius* would have indignantly observed, "'Tis true, 'tis pity! 'Tis pity! Dash my Schleswig!"

TABLE-TALK FOR NEXT CENTURY.

[Sir B. W. RICHARDSON, M.D., has stated that the perfect food of the future will be a chemical vegetable compound, which will contain all the valuable elements in meat, but without the need of going to the animal kingdom for it.]

MAY I offer you some of this pigless bacon with your artificial goose? They are said to go very well together.

Thanks, but, if you will allow me, I will have the artificial goose removed, and try some *salmi* of potted cauliflower instead.

What is the dish at that end of the table? Why, it's a fore-quarter of prime Canterbury inorganic lamb, composed of a cunning mixture of broad beans, onions, tomatoes, gum arabic, and cellulose. My bean-butcher recommends it strongly. May I tempt you? Do try my pulse—not medically, of course!

Well, on second thoughts, perhaps I should feel safer with some of those South-Down carrots.

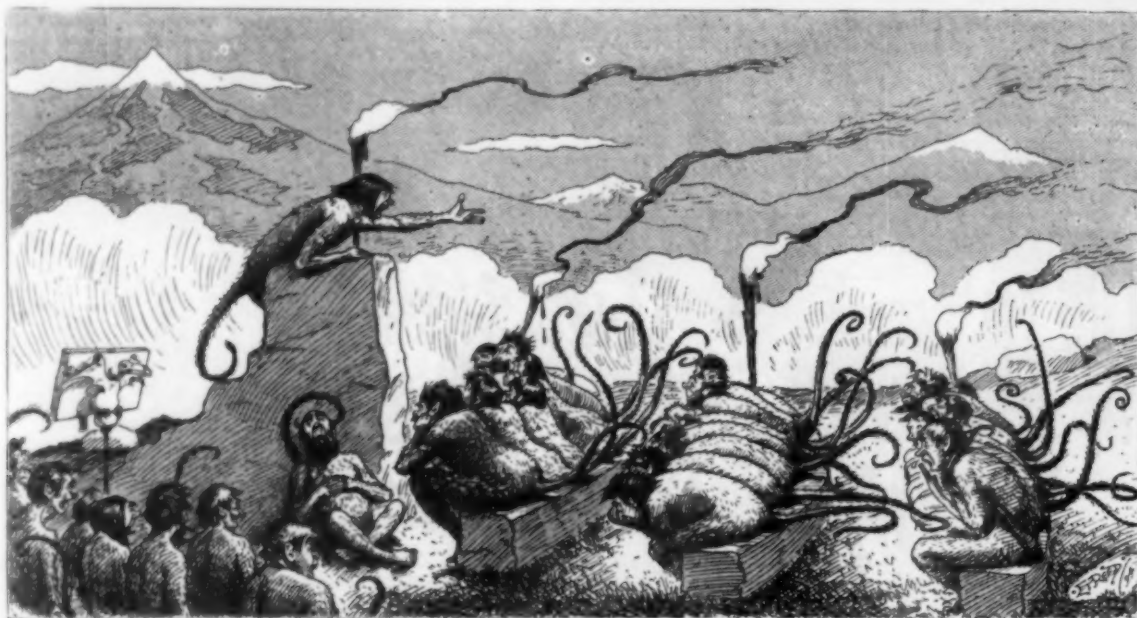
Why not strike out a new line, and go in for my much-appreciated saddle of haricots? It is certified by a specialist to contain five times more nitrogenous matter than the barbarous old sirloin of beef.

You are too kind. But my doctor tells me to avoid nitrogen, and only take carbonaceous foods.

Well, that *col-au-cent* of vegetable marrow is simply packed with carbon. It runs the temperature up to fever heat in no time. Or you could hardly do better than an onion-veal cutlet.

Thanks! thanks awfully! But on the whole, if you don't mind, I think I'll have a piece of that gelatinised mineral steak. And some old-fashioned bread. Waiter, bread!

[Left eating.]



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

A NIGHT LECTURE ON EVOLUTION.

LETTER TO A DÉBUTANTE.—III.

MY DEAR GLADYS,—You have made great progress lately, and I see you are acquiring a sense of proportion and a feeling of that relative value of your acquaintances that varies so subtly according to time and place. Captain MASHINGTON, for instance, admirable in a ball-room, useful at Hurlingham, and adequate in the Park, is nobody, and completely "out of it," at FLORIAN HAYE'S Studio afternoons, where it's a privilege to be noticed by ARCHIE WIERDSLEY, and a distinction to get a word with ADRIAN CLIVE. These gentlemen are fashionable and entertaining; yet, if there is a tinge of the romantic about their hair, or anything too vivid and dramatic as to their button-holes, they would not be appreciated, say, at Lord's, at the Eton and Harrow cricket match, where they would shudder at the crude shades of blue, and Captain MASHINGTON would be in his element.

Wherever you may be, I trust you never snub a faithful, fan-holding, wire-sending, ice-fetching old friend—(by old friend, I mean, in London, anyone you have met four or five times)—it's unkind; and you never know when you may require him.

Your last letter was quite exciting. So you have had your first proposal! And from the serious man who does conjuring tricks. And you refused him—incoherently, but firmly—at a Wagner concert.

I cannot pity him. He brought it on himself, by sending you his book on South Africa. But why were you disappointed at the way he did it? What had you been reading? Did you think he would kneel on one knee, and say, "Miss KENSINGTON—GLADYS—may I call you GLADYS?" (or words to that effect)—"In short,—I love you!"

People don't say, "In short," nor kneel, nowadays. You say he is going away, to get over it. I suppose to Brighton, from Saturday till Monday.

And now, about Captain MASHINGTON? You seem to see him very often. By a series of miraculous accidents he is always "crossing your path," as they say in melodrama, and you are never out when he calls. You repeat to me remarks of his really unworthy of quotation in pen an ink, and altogether, I fear you have a weakness for him. I am anxious, because I know him to be "hard up," liable to be "ordered off" at any moment, and entirely unsuited to the profession of marriage. Think, my dear GLADYS.

Would you like a long engagement? with letters by every mail for six years while BERTIE (I daresay his name is BERTIE) is out in some distant savage country, subject to fever and forgetfulness? Or would you like to marry now—at eighteen—and perhaps go out, say, to Bermuda with Captain MASHINGTON—in the middle of the season, for instance? He would flirt on board with ladies old enough to be

your mother, and you would be far too ill even to dress well enough to annoy them. That excellent valuing that charms you now would be the greatest annoyance to you after your marriage—you can't dance with your husband, remember. So to marry him for that would be short-sighted indeed.

You are not very good at characterization, GLADYS. What a long word! but I mean that your descriptions are disconnected, and from them I can form only a vague idea of your new admirer, Mr. KLEINGELDER. What I hear, on the whole, I rather like.

"Bald but good-tempered—better-looking really than he seems." Curious—one would have thought good looks really a matter about which one might judge by appearances. But, let that pass. "Plays the bassoon, but very little, and only in private." One can't play the bassoon, even "in private," without it's being noticed—unfortunately. Are you sure it is the bassoon?

"Drives a drag, and has asked you and Lady TAYMER to go to Ranelagh. Gives huge dinner-parties, on Sundays, at the Savoy. Sends flowers, and makes jokes. As he is very rich, and has nothing whatever to do, it is supposed he will never have time to marry."

The music is against him, but we all have our faults. What style of humour does he indulge in? Does he make jokes you have heard before, or only the kind you do not wish to hear again? He sent you a *bonbonnière* from CHARBONNEL'S on your birthday. On it was written, "Sweets to the Sweetest." From HEINRICH KLEINGELDER.

Poetical, and complimentary; but, somehow, a *lû-le* hackneyed? No? And you are so fond of originality! The bassoon, however, is only too original (are you sure it is the bassoon?). Under higher influences he might be persuaded to give it up, and take to painting, or palmistry, or dominoes, or something quiet, instead. At any rate, I recommend encouragement; gentle and steady—not *empressé*, or fitful. I like KLEINGELDER, somehow; he is a good fellow. I know I should get on with him.

Please do not hold a stall at a fancy fair! I cannot endure to see young ladies displaying now that business capacity and determination to sell not seen in shopwomen, and now that light airy chaff and coquetry unknown in Clapham, and found only in barmaids and the best society. Besides, bazaars are so tiring and unbecoming.

You can say, very soon now, that you are sick of the season, that you are tired of crowds, and only wish to be out on the hill-side with the buttercups.

Don't wait till everybody does it. It is quite time to begin saying "you are longing to get away."

And now, good-bye for the present. I hope you will enjoy Ranelagh.

Yours ever affectionately, MARJORIE.

There must be some mistake—I don't think it *can* really be the bassoon.

BOUQUET DE BABYLON.

GRANDOLPH, starting round the world,
As a parting bomb has hurled
Scorn at London's foul wood-pavement.
Faith, dear lord, it doth need lavement.
London's streets are an offence
Now, alas! to every sense.
Eyes and ears they always hurt,
Now their ordure, dust and dirt,
Torture, too, our mouths and noses,
Stable refuse, powdered, closes
All our pores; we breathe and taste
Gutter-garbage, offal, waste
Desiccated into dust,
To the general disgust.
Hercules, so says old fable,
Cleansed the foul Augean stable.
London's maze of streets now smell
Stable-like. We wish you well
GRANDOLPH, but when done, do please
Come back and play the Hercules!

ARMS, LEGS, AND THE MANXMEN.—Mr. LABOUCHERE finished his letter to a Manxman, who had written to inquire if H. L., M.P., suggested the cession of the Isle of Man to Germany, with this explanation:—"It was what is called '*argumentum absurdum*.'" But it is not so called; the phrase is "*argumentum ad absurdum*." "LABBY" had only to add "*ad*." If the Manxman were a poet, he would have been inspired to send a reply in a couplet—

Many thanks, man,
From your Manxman.
But there is no record of his having done so. The island will not be ceded to Germany. The "House of Keys" is safe,—no deadlock; and the Manxman will not have to subtract from the Manx Arms, and will not have to surrender even one of his three legs.



OUR DECADENTS (FEMALE).

"TELL ME, MONSIEUR DUBOSC. OF COURSE YOU'VE READ THAT SHOCKING CASE OF 'SMITH V. SMITH, BROWN, JONES, ROBINSON, AND OTHERS'!"

"I CONFESS I 'AVE, MISS VILKES. I AM A LAWYER, YOU KNOW." "WELL, NOW, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT AS A SUBJECT FOR DRAMATIC TREATMENT?"

"I—I—I DO NOT KNOW YAT IT MAY BE AS A SUBJECT FOR DRAMATIC TREATMENT, MADAMOISELLE. I—I—I FIND IT VERY—A—A—EMBARRASSANT AS A SUBJECT FOR CONVERSATION VIZ A YOUNG LADY!"

Notes on the Nonconformist Conscience.

(By a Church-going Conservative Sportsman.)

It leaves a sporting premier in the lurch,
Yet backs him when he would hunt down the Church!
For though it shrinks from betting on a Race,
Would put its money on—a Steeple-Chase!

Though against gambling on the Turf it thunder,
'Twould gambol high to see its foes thereunder.
And though it girds at sportive ale and cakes,
How gladly would it sweep the Endowment Stakes!

MRS. R. DISGUSTED.—Our excellent and most sensible friend, Mrs. RAM, is very much in favour of the Deceased Wife's Sister Marriage Bill. She cannot understand why the Lords oppose it, unless it is that the Lords are afraid of the Ladies. But when the Archbishop of CANTERBURY's speech was read aloud to her, and her nephew had got as far as his Grace's statement that if these marriages were not forbidden by the Bible—"which," observed Mrs. R., parenthetically, "they most certainly are not"—"they certainly are by analogy," Mrs. R. bounced up indignantly. "Forbidden by who?" she exclaimed. "Who an earth is 'Anne Aloys'?" If it's another name for Queen ANNE,—but here her nephew intervened, and our esteemed friend calmed down. Though temporarily mollified, she was still far from being satisfied with the rejection of the Bill by a majority of nine.

VACCINATION MOTTO (slightly altered from the original).—"Arma virusque."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 11.—Affecting scene just now between Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES and the Chair. Clause IV. of Budget Bill having been under discussion since Friday night, Amendments finally disposed of. On question that Clause be added to Bill, the blameless BARTLEY blandly moved its rejection. Then the CAP'EN hove to, fired off stupendous speech, just as if on successive Amendments to Clause he had not delivered a dozen others. MELLOR having been carried out in comatose state, ROBY temporarily in Chair. At end of first twenty words, hailed the CAP'EN; ordered him to clew up. CAP'EN held his course as before; ROBY fired shot across his bows.

"I will," said the CAP'EN for only response, "give the Committee a last illustration."

"I have to request the hon. gentleman not to proceed," said the CHAIRMAN, sternly.

Here was a crisis. If the CAP'EN, after this warning, still held on, the CHAIRMAN, who had trained his heavy guns, would certainly sink TOMMY's light craft, or, taking it in tow, would dock him in the Clock Tower. Yet there were the widow and the orphan to be thought of. TOMMY, as he told the Committee, had compiled set of tables which showed how these were wronged by the Budget Bill. He had brought the tables in with him, one under each arm. As he walked with them up floor of the House ("Looking," so SARK said, "like one of the pictures in old Bibles of MOSES coming down from the Mount with the Tables of the Law"), the widow and the orphan tugged at TOMMY's heartstrings. He looked wistfully at ROBY to

see if he really meant business. Coming to the conclusion that he did, Cap'en TOMMY heaved a sigh, then heaved his anchor, and forged away out of range of CHAIRMAN's battery.

Business done.—Clause IV. added to Budget Bill.

Tuesday.—A few weeks ago HERBERT MAXWELL interrupted his literary labours to call attention to marked increase of Scotch accent in places of popular resort at height of London season. Seems the peculiarity not altogether unconnected with habit of bailies and other pawky persons in high places in municipalities and parishes to vote themselves certain sums of money out of the rates, sufficient to cover expenses of visit to London. Ostensible occasion for journey is to keep an eye upon proceedings in Scotch Grand Committee. Incidentally, being on the spot, and obeying the national instinct not to lose anything, even if it be only an opportunity, they take a look round at other places. A visit to London always hampered by reflection on experience of the famous explorer—wasn't he our dear CHARLES KEENE's acquaintance?—who hadn't been in the place ten minutes when "bang went saxeence." To be in the place for a fortnight with the ratepayers' saxeences going bang for your entertainment and instruction is quite another thing.

HERBERT MAXWELL's implications received confirmation from unexpected source. THE MACGREGOR has his eye upon two members of Deer Forest Commission whom he has accidentally met at Exeter Hall, or other place of public resort, when they were understood to be in the Highlands a hunting the Deer Forest Owner. Asked a question on subject the other day. Secretary for Scotland affected to know nothing of circumstance. Subject seemed to drop; THE MACGREGOR, according to his wont at periods of personal or political excitement, took the bus to Hampstead; walked for a while on the heath; came down to House this afternoon refreshed and filled

with mighty resolve. Did TREVELYAN mean to have those two Commissioners stalked, run down, tied up, and conveyed to scene of their duties in Scotland, or would he forbear? TREVELYAN concluded he'd forbear.

Then up rose THE MACGREGOR, drew his claymore and swore on its hilt a great oath that henceforward the Government must count him their foe. Putting it in Parliamentary phrase and sheathing the claymore, THE MACGREGOR said: "In consequence of the reply of the right hon. gentleman I beg to give notice that until the Government is prepared to give me a very different reply, in the interests of my constituents, I shall feel it my duty to vote against the Government every time."

House roared with laughter and presently, with twinkling eyes, watched THE MACGREGOR stride forth to vote against Government in Committee on Budget Bill.

SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, usually keen to scent a joke, didn't seem to see the fun. "It's dull work here just now," he said, "and if a donkey suddenly brays the bored House gratefully goes off into a fit of laughter. But this sort of thing has also its serious side. You remember, TONY, what BISMARCK said the other day, chatting with five hundred veterans from Holstein who, passing by Friedrichshagen, halted to salute the maker of Germany? Talking about attacks made on him in the press the old warrior said he cared nothing about the criticisms of his opponents. It was when friends turned upon him that he felt the hopelessness of further strife. 'When the French shot at us,' he said, 'it was a matter of course, and if one was wounded one was taken to the hospital. But when we are shot at from behind, from our own ranks, that is another thing. This often happens to me in politics.' It still oftener happens here, and makes the life of a Liberal Leader not worth living."

Business done.—On Clause V. of Budget Bill.

Thursday.—KENYON-SLANEY, retired Colonel, his helmet now a hive for bees, has turned the search-light of his commanding intellect upon dark places of Budget Bill. To-night, through weary war of words, he flashed a streak of light. Getting a little off the path in one of several speeches, he was called to order by the Chair. Members opposite hilariously cheered. The Colonel's eye, scanning the group below the Gangway, observed BRUNNER beaming with rapturous smile.

"Your ruling, Sir," he said, addressing the Chairman—and if a glance had been a sword MELLON's head would have fallen with a thud on the table—"seems to give great pleasure to the honourable millionaire opposite."

Honourable millionaire is good, and suggests variation from monotonous procedure of Parliamentary usage. We don't hear so much now of "my right hon. friend," since Mr. G. has quitted the Treasury Bench, and JOEY C. can no longer address endearing remarks to him. But "my noble friend," "the hon. Member," "the right hon. gentleman," and "the noble lord," are, like the poor, always with us. Now KENYON-SLANEY has set the new fashion with BRUNNER we might have "the hon. Ten-thousand-pounder;" "the right hon. Fifty-thousand-pounder opposite;" "my noble friend the Half-millionaire, who sits above the Gangway;" or (this for moments of extreme party irritation) "the hon. Three-pound-ten-a-weeker who, according to his habit when his incompetency is disclosed and his inaccuracy corrected, is just leaving the House."

Business done.—Clause V. added to the Budget Bill.

Friday.—Talk of further movements on Treasury Bench, consequent on death of LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. Friend RIGHT goes up higher, even to the House of Lords. BOB REID, who has done superlatively well as Solicitor-General, becomes Mr. Attorney. Who shall be Solicitor-General? "Why, FRANK LOCKWOOD," House, with one accord, answers. Only marvel is that, with doors opening and shutting on comfortable places on Bench and Bar, he should have been so long left out in cold. This due to prevalent idea that, content with high position won at Bar, he does not want office. At least he has earned the right to be asked. Strong indeed would be a Ministry in House of Commons with BOB REID for Attorney-General, and FRANK LOCKWOOD as Solicitor. They would pull together in double harness at matchless pace. Something touching in their friendship. Each thinks the other is perfect, as Mrs. HEWANS wrote years ago:—

They live in beauty side by side,
They fill the House with glee.
"Dear BOB, the best of men art thou."
"Nay, FRANK, the best is thee."

Business done.—On Clause VI. Budget Bill.

JUST HONOURS.—"The University of Durham," the *Daily Telegraph* informs us in its most useful and popular "Notes," has determined to confer the honorary degree of D.C.L. on Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON and Sir JOHN MILLAR, Barts. both and Brothers in *artibus*, Excellent and appropriate distinction! There are not two greater Doctors learned in the Law of Civility than Sir FREDERIC and Sir JOHN.

HOUSE OF LORDS



"LABBY" (AS GUY FAWKES)—LEEDS.

[“Mr. LABOUCHERE, on his own behalf and in the name of a large number of Radical Members, has given notice that he will move the resolution,” &c., &c., “That . . . the House of Lords is useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished,” &c., &c.—*Westminster Gazette*.]

TOMMY.

(THE ST. STEPHEN'S VERSION.)

Song of an Outsider, to the Tune of Rudyard Kipling's famous Barrack Ballad.

I WENT into the Commons' House, a-hearing a big cheer.
The Public dunno very much of wot they're up to ere!
The clerks behind the bar they yawned, and nodded fit to die;
I outs into the street agen, an' to myself sez I: [the day,
Oh, it's "TOMMY" this, and "TOMMY" that, and "TOMMY" all
But I pity Mister SPEAKER, when *that* band begins to play.
Wotever subjeck may crop up, that BOWLES must 'ave 'is say,
So I pity Mister SPEAKER when B.'s brass band's in full play!

Yes, making mock of Ministers, so tired they're arf asleep,
Is cheaper fun than TOMMY's jokes, and they're tarnation cheap.
But 'ow about the Country's time? They're goin' large a bit.
But when it comes to "business" they'll parade a empty kit. [rolls,
Then it's "TOMMY" this, and "TOMMY" that, his pals in larfter
But it ain't such fun for JOHNNY BULL as 'tis for Mister BOWLES;
It's fun for GIBBSING BOWLES, my boys, rare larks for TOMMY BOWLES.

But I wonder wot the woters think? They'll tell us at the polls!
The Guv'ment ain't no 'eroes, nor they ain't no 'umbugs too,
But Ministers in Office, doing much wot TOMMY'd do;
And if sometimes their conduct isn't all our fancy paints,
WY. Ministers in Office don't turn into party saints. [ot an' 'ot;
While it's "TOMMY" 'ere, and "TOMMY" there, and "TOMMY"
And—if TOMMY will excuse me—there's a deal of Tommy-rot;
A deal of Tommy-rot, my boys, no end of Tommy-rot;
An' "TOMMY" ain't no bloomin' fool—e knows it's Tommy-rot!

A Natural Bee-attitude.

SEE how to rob the Chancellor of his ease
BUZZ buzz around a swarm of busy bees.
No wonder that to REID he's apt to turn
To ward off BUTCHER, BARTLEY, BOWLES and BYRNE.

THE MOTTO AND THE MAN FOR CARMEN.—"ASQUITH, M.P.," translated to mean "Ask-with More Politeness."

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"Three Star"
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at all the Grand Hotels, Savoy, &c. A sample pint
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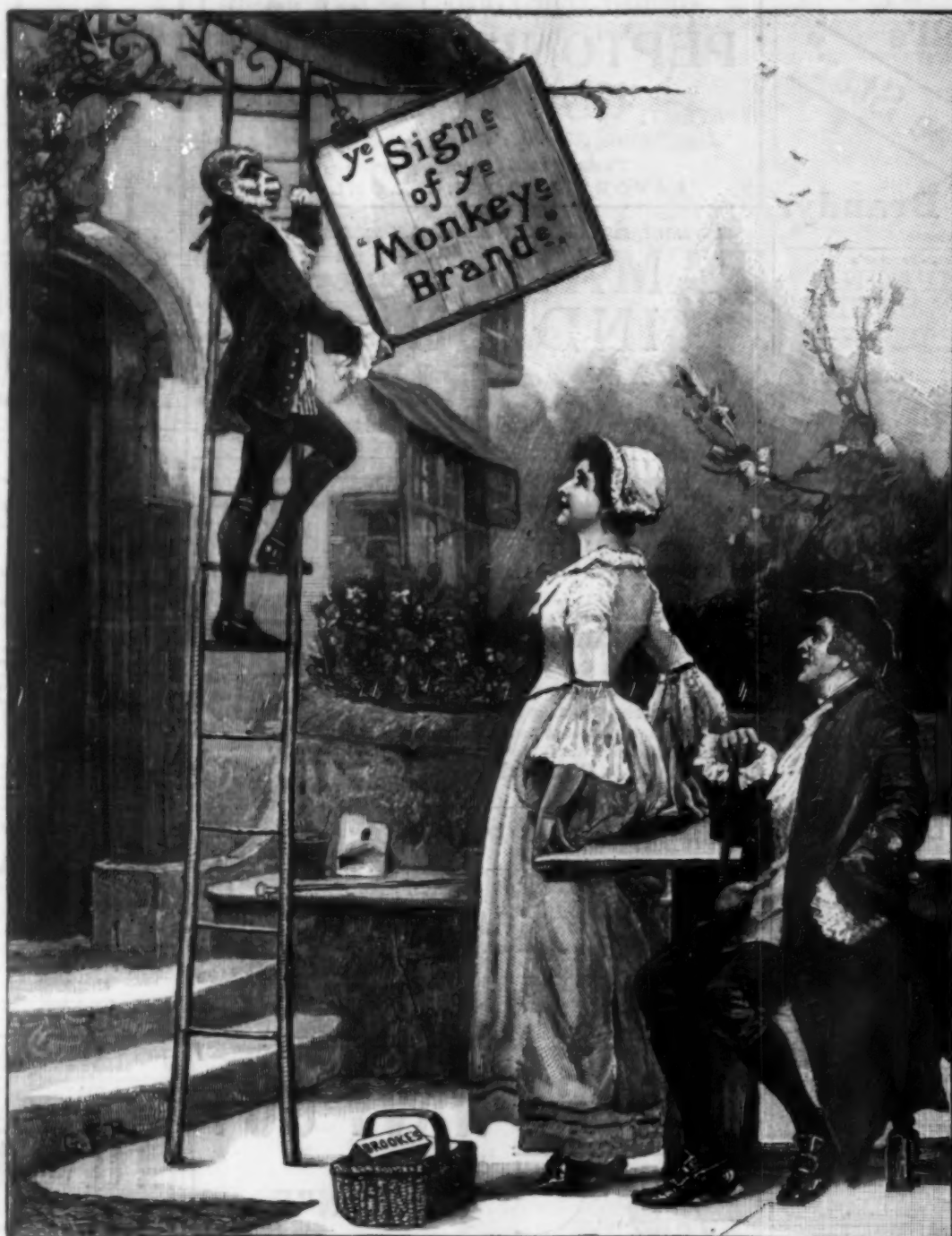
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